

1957

Vox Collegii



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONTARIO

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Vox Collegii

Presented by
THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

1957 EDITION

"Not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one is king over us; I might say, priest and prophet to lead us heavenward, or magician and wizard to lead us hellward."

The Golden Window



The story is told about a boy who marvelled at the golden window he saw on the distant house across the valley. Impatiently he besought his mother to permit him to go to see this wondrous thing. Next morning he set out, his steps quickened by expectancy. But when he reached his goal he discovered to his disappointment that the windows were not gilded, but exactly the same as those at home. Turning his footsteps forlornly homeward, he stopped suddenly in his tracks. Lo, the windows of his own house were golden!

The ease with which we assure ourselves that others have lovelier things than we, that more distant fields offer a richer harvest than our own, or that our neighbour has more intellectual gifts than we have found in ourselves, only blinds us to our unique abilities, diverts our nobilities, and even enervates the soul. Could the poison of a serpent be more deadly?

Shakespeare knew its insidious havoc:

"Those that much covet are with gain so fond
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less".

Go from our school this year more firmly resolved to build upon your present level of attainment, a beautiful structure of abiding worth. Hesitate before you cross the valley to follow your vision. Let it be only a reflection, and thereby wholly unattainable; but choose those goals that advance with every step you take, and which, by so doing, leave just enough of moral and spiritual worth within you that you are in possession of that enrichment which enables you to take another step.

S. L. OSBORNE

Miss Carter is leaving us . . .



MISS J. MAY CARTER, B.A.
DEAN, 1951-57

Dear Girls:

How fortunate we are to be living in this beautiful world and in this beautiful spot! As I write the sun is shining, the trees are beginning to put forth tiny green shoots, the birds are chirping and the grass is turning green, gradually obliterating the marks of the tires of the automobiles which were carelessly driven over the lawn during the winter. Through one little space between the trees, I can catch from my window a glimpse of the water of the Lake sparkling in the sunshine. There is no need to ask you whom we have to thank for all this loveliness.

In this my last letter to you, I should like to ask you to try to foster two qualities: a spirit of thankfulness for all your blessings, and a spirit of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. In Oysters I have often suggested to you that if there were no selfishness in the world, there would be no troubles, — no fear, no want, no wars. It seems an unattainable goal, but if we all try never to be selfish in our own small circle, the influence will spread.

I want to thank you all for the very fine cooperation you have given me, and for the spirit of good fellowship, which exists between us. Please give my successor the same cooperation.

I shall always be interested in you, and I wish each and every one of you every success and happiness in the future — near and far.

Affectionately,

J. MAY CARTER

"Vox Collegii"

1957

COMMITTEE

The Rev. S. L. Osborne, B.A., B.D., Mus.D., Th.D.

Miss J. May Carter, B.A.

EDITOR	Margaret Bird
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Patricia Earle
ADVERTISING	Hilary Wevill, Sharon Long
PHOTOGRAPHY	Jane Lillico
SOCIAL EDITOR	Sybil Goulston
SPORTS EDITOR	Wendy Greer
TYPIST	Joan Chadwick

Portraits and graduate photographs: ..Mr. LeRoy Toll

Junior Class, Sports and Class ..Mr. Jack Scott, Whitby
photographs:

Faculty Adviser: ..Mrs. Irene H. Furlong, B.A.

Editorial

Every year Dr. and Mrs. Osborne invite each class in turn to "The Cottage" for dinner. This occasion is one of the highlights of the school year and is looked forward to by the girls as one of the few times when they can all be together in an informal atmosphere. This is one of the "threads of gold" that holds together our life at O.L.C.



Yearbook Prefect,
1957

The history of O.L.C. is bound together by many of these threads. Another of them is the annual election of a May Queen, the girl who, in the minds of her fellow students, represents the highest example of young womanhood in the school. This girl is honoured above all others by a program presented on May Day for her enjoyment.

For this programme, the alumnae are all invited to return to their Alma Mater. In the course of the day, they see their friends, and talk over the good times they had within the walls of Trafalgar. Former May Queens return on that day, and the tradition of the exercises on the lawn reminds them of the day when they were crowned.

Another "thread of gold" in the tapestry of O.L.C.'s history is that of the family. From mother to daughter, aunt to niece, sister to sister, attendance at the college is a tradition which is passed on. This year we have four sets of two sisters, and two sets of three sisters. They have created a warm atmosphere, and have increased the feeling that we are one big family.

The fourth golden thread is tradition itself, a factor in which O.L.C. is rich. May Day, Oysters, Class Day, Trafalgar Day, to name only a few, are exercises which have made up the College year for almost the whole of our school's life.

With the closing of this school year, the members of the Board of Governors, our Principal and his wife, the Faculty, Staff and students are all drawn together in watching a fifth strand being woven a little further. Miss Carter is joining the line of former Deans who have contributed to the tapestry which is O.L.C. She has passed on to us her high ideals of unselfishness and consideration for others, ideals so finely exemplified in her own life. She takes with her the lasting gratitude and affection of us all and our hope that she will come back to see us again soon.

MARGARET BIRD
Editor.

Graduates ...



KAREN MUNRO

Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Farewell House

We all do love our "curly head girl";
She's forever in a busy whirl.
For hairdos, headaches, pains and such,
Our mother hen for us does much.
Although for scalpels she has no yen
It's a different story when it comes to men.
Pet Peeve: a collapsible bed.
Probable next stop: Teachers' College.



ANN PARMLEY

Penticton, B.C.

Senior Matriculation

Hare House, Senior Class President.

Our Annie's a girl from Penticton, B.C.
She studies quite hard, then goes on a spree.
Her music by far is the greatest we've heard,
She leaves every audience greatly disturbed.
We expect that in college great heights she'll acquire
And someday return with a right handsome squire.
Pet Peeve: a collapsible bed.
Probable next stop: University of Toronto.

PATRICIA ATKINSON

Norwood, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Carter House—Captain

This fair-haired girl to all a pal,
Is known to us as "long tall Sal".
She's quite a whiz on the basketball floor,
For O.L.C. she racks up a score.
Although she's first to hit the hay,
She's usually last to begin the day.
Pet Peeve: People who haven't heard of Norwood.
Probable next stop: McGill.



ELIZABETH BOWMAN

New Liskeard

Farewell House

Senior Matriculation

Our Liza's giggle is enough,
To cheer us all when times are tough.
This age of jets is hard to take,
And for accidents she takes the cake.
On skates she glides just like a bird
Do you think she'd fail? Why, that's absurd.
Pet Peeve: Leading a double life.
Probable next stop: Teachers' College.



JANE CARRUTHERS

Lindsay, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Farewell House

Each week Jane knows the tops in pops
And she's "all shook up" on the latest flops.
With purple rinses and freckle cream,
She hopes to win her southern dream.
Her interests are of many sorts,
But out in front are music and sports.
Pet Peeve: People who don't volunteer to clean out her fish bowl.
Probable next stop: University of Toronto.



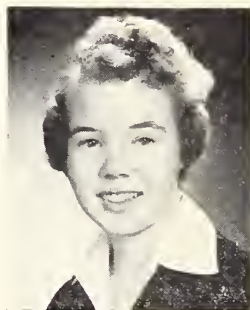
EVELYN CLARE

Vankleek Hill, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Hare House

In Botany and Zoo, Ev. likes to explore,
But Trig. she finds is quite a chore.
She's interested in everyone,
And offers to help when there's work to be done.
In her recent portrayal of Lady Macbeth,
She has proven herself to be quite a success.
Pet Peeve: People who eat too fast.
Probable next stop: Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.





PATRICIA DAVIS

Aurora, Ontario

Maxwell House—Sports' Captain
Senior Matriculation

With friendly smile and sense of fun
She gets along with everyone.
At ten she hails the senior brood.
And supplies us all with home-cooked food.
Our "happy wanderer" is often seen,
Pursued down the hall by our weary Dean.
Pet Peeve: Cold nights and open windows.
Probable next stop: A.S.H.S. or Toronto.



JANET FABER

Sao, Paulo, Brazil

Senior Matriculation
Hare House—Captain.

From down among the huts of grass,
Comes Jan, the redhead of our class.
With George she'll never miss a date.
Although we say she's always late,
Our Jan works hard at all she does,
And why do we like her? — just 'cause!
Pet Peeve: Detentions.
Probable next stop: Macdonald Institute.

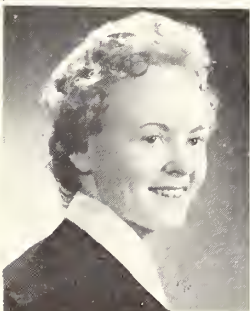


HELEN FERGUSON

Stayner, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Hare House, S.C.M. Prefect

With Helen's hard work and usual finesse,
The Bazaar was certainly a great success.
Although her nature does seem mild,
Some nights, with a water-gun she goes wild.
She's concerned with French, and Spanish it's true,
But also we hear of a man in blue.
Pet Peeve: Rude awakenings in the morning.
Probable next stop: University?



DONALDA PARKES

Caledonia, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Carter House

So tall and fair, with figure trim
Our hearty eater is always slim.
Her wit being different, she's certainly noted
For sayings we hope will never be quoted!
Head of the class is our hard-working friend
Who needs no learning in "the other" trend.
Pet Peeve: Her two assistant poets!
Probable next stop: Toronto Sick Children's Hospital.

ROXANNA PHELPS

St. Catharines, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Farewell House—Captain

Each day she works just like a dog,
This "science kid" loves dissecting a frog.
She says that formulas take her thought,
And yet Miss Sinclair, she thinks not!
When lining up, we hear Rox yell,
From Lower Main, "Come on Farewell!"
Pet Peeve: No visitors on Sunday.
Probable next stop: Undecided.



MARILYN PRESCOTT

Temiskaming, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Hare House

If you have something which can't be found,
Just go to Marilyn; she's head of Pound.
In History class she does excel,
But rushes out when she hears the bell.
When noon-time mail is on the table,
Marilyn's there for that Fibber label.
Pet Peeve: People who eat fast.
Probable next stop: Queen's University.



HILARY WEVILL

Ottawa, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Carter House

Up with the bell at seven-ten,
Our Hil begins her day right then.
She's busy with her singing, French and such:
We think at Carnegie she'll do much.
What IS this we hear from U. of T.?
He could be blonde but we'll wait and see.
Pet Peeve: Sour notes.
Probable next stop: Ottawa Teachers' College.



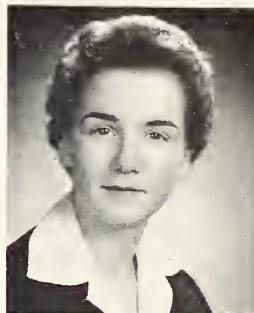
BETH YEARLEY

Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Maxwell House—Captain

It's English that is the bane of her life:
She wonders how English will make her a wife.
She hates all men for half the week
But soon she turns the other cheek.
Beth loves to eat a hearty meal:
"Let's mosey" is her next appeal.
Pet Peeve: Men under six feet.
Probable next stop: Toronto East General.





MAY DAY, 1956



PHOTOS BY SCOTT

The Corner Stone



The laying of the corner-stone of our new chapel took place on Sunday afternoon, May 6 1956.

It had rained on Sunday morning and, as the ground had not yet been sodded, the majority of the students wore rubbers. Those who did not, regretted it because the ground was very wet. Benches were provided for the guests and the students stood.

The singing of hymns was followed by responsive readings and prayers. The architect, Mr. F. Bruce Brown, handed to Mrs. C. F. Wright, President of the Aumnae Association, a strong box containing, among other things, a list of the students and staff of 1956 and a local paper. Mrs. Wright placed this inside the stone, which was then lowered by means of a chain and set in place by Mr. T. G. Rogers, President of the Board of Directors. Greetings were brought by the Rev. W. Hutton, Chairman of the Oshawa Presbytery of the United Church of Canada, and Rev. Dr. H. Young, Secretary of the Board of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the United Church of Canada. The service closed with a hymn and the benediction.



PATRICIA EARLE
Assistant Editor.



COMMENCEMENT 1956



September

The school bell's rung at O.L.C.
To call us back to work once more.
The new girls running round we see
From door to car and back to door.

To get acquainted that same night
We all assembled in the gym
With games and food to our delight
And ending with a nice cool swim.

To picnic at the lake we went
On Saturday which dawned quite cold
But with the chill, we were content:
The hot dogs all were quite soon 'sold'.

Initiation rolled around
Each class had chores to do
New girls bowing to the ground
Pleased old girls through and through.

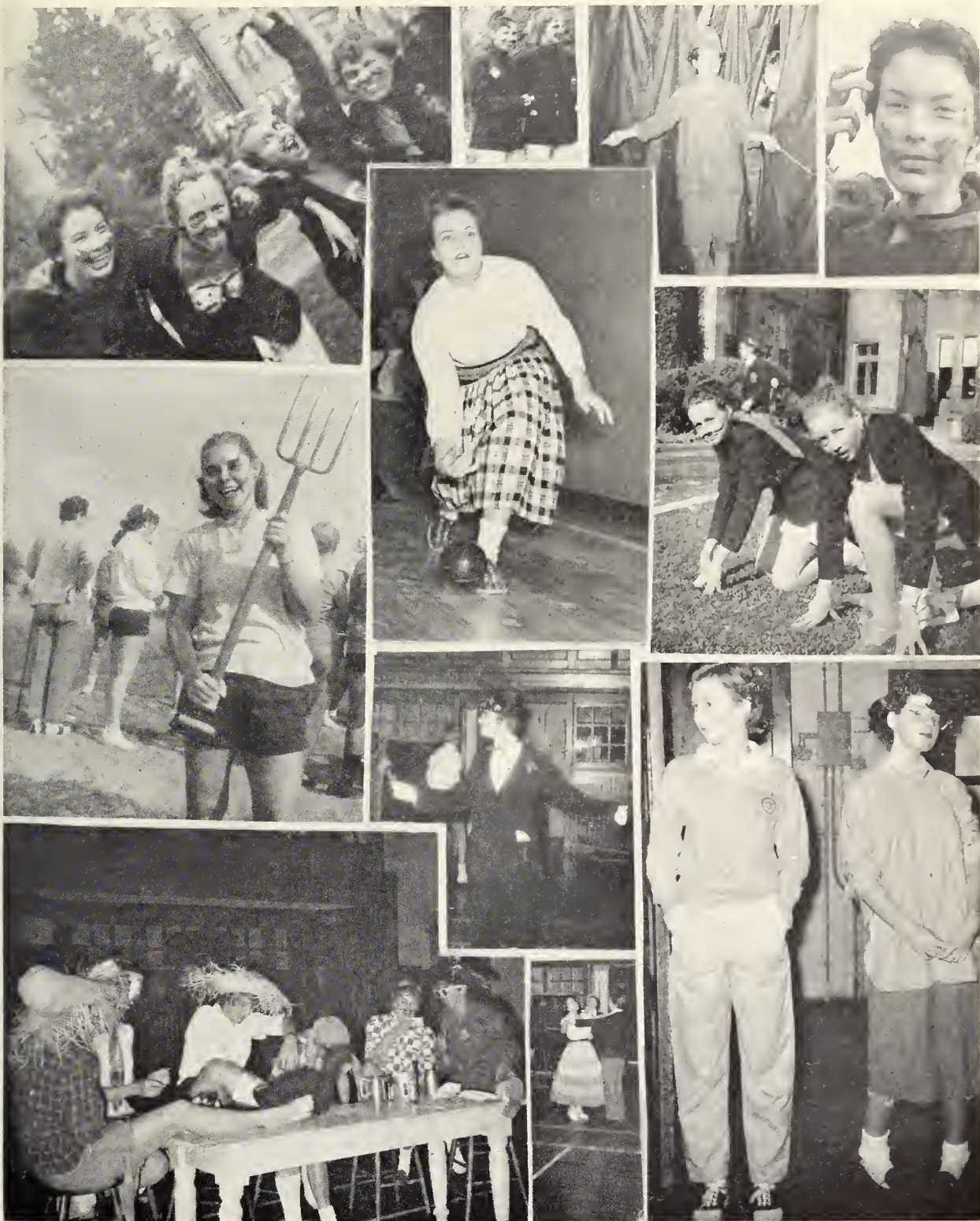
Then old girls gave their comic stunts
Which brought some laughs and even grunts
With food to end this night in style.

The saddest day of all the year
Was Herbie's funeral day
With nary a laugh but many a tear
All shed along the way.

The new girls sponsored a stunt that night
Which went with quite a bang
It even beat the old girls' night,
If you'll excuse the slang.

Field Day is not my lot
So that I'll leave — why not?

SYBIL GOULSTON
Social Editor



First Impressions

Tall and grey, I stand erect:
An atmosphere around my chimney curls
My hearts desire — a wise effect
Upon the lives of all these girls.

My arms around I spread each day
As each progresses with her task
And laughs and prays and does not smoke—
For this is what I ask.

I watch them as they first arrive
And learn the hang of things
So much they must from everyone derive
Before they find their graduate wings.

I think by now, dear friends
From what you know of me
You have already guessed
That I am O.L.C.

BETTY WHITE
Grade XI.

Bells here, bells there until you are going batty in the belfry . . . I wonder who my roommate is . . . cell 132 . . . not too close to the warden . . . talkative rads, friendly mice and lots of space . . . uniforms are just the most . . . rather big, but comfy . . . as Farmer John says, "There ain't nothin' like home cookin . . . push? What's that? . . . oh! food . . . after a few days, rising scales and dieting troubles . . . rush, rush, rush until you feel like a greased locomotive . . . exhausting subjects . . . poor Grade XIIs . . . teachers who worry you and give just a little homework, enough for three hours . . . no cars . . . unfortunately no boys, therefore frustration . . . if mail be the food of life, poor females . . . the boys around the school on Sundays . . . what days . . . but we've lived through them . . . on the whole quite an experience . . . never miss the chance.

BEVERLEY McLENNAN
RENATA PENNACCHIOTTI
Grade XII



FOR SALE LOTS

Apply: Ontario Ladies' College

Construction

An orange monster in the road
Blocks the way to my abode.

It digs a hole and rips up turf
And fills it in with rich, black earth .

Surveyors with their instruments
Measure land and make comments.

Some men in funny yellow caps
Put in big pipes for water taps.

Blocks of gravel, cement and sand
Are ready here, for the house that's planned.

Behind wood frames, the big men say
Foundations bulky they will lay.

They must hurry to the last
Autumn leaves are falling fast.

PAMELA EARLE
Grade IX.

October

The Thanksgiving week-end was the first good thing in October. Although it was not exactly a school event, it was a welcome respite.

Natalie Wood cut quite a figure in the movie "Green Promise" in which she is shown in her childhood days. Who knows, some of you may still have a chance?

The Pickering Dance was approached with mixed feelings but once the boys arrived and the dance was under way, everyone "went all out" to enjoy herself. In the following weeks there was a rapid influx of mail postmarked "Newmarket".

Sunday night we were shown an aviation film which doubtless would have interested anyone studying Mechanics. It is not often that our programmes are disappointing.

Wilson MacDonald entertained us again this year with his reading of his beautiful poems. He included some serious, some light-hearted and some humorous poems. Of the latter, favourites were "Caw-Caw Ballads" and "Yvonne and Yvette."

Robert Gay, of Oshawa, came to speak to us one Sunday evening. His address took the form of commentary, and slides of his mission field.

The Holly Hop or rather the Hi-Fi Hop! Quel beau success! As we boarded, ship music floated to our ears from the main deck (Recreation Room) where several couples were already dancing.

The Promenade Deck was rather a popular place but surprisingly enough there were not too many closed doors along the corridor. Meanwhile back on Main Deck| . . .

The project going on for a little over a year was complete. Our chapel was dedicated on October 29th. It is worthy of pride and reverence and is indeed a "thing of beauty, a joy forever."

SYBIL GOULSTON



GRACE CHAPEL

A ray of sunlight streams through coloured panes,
And casts its shadows o'er the empty pews.
The walls reach up to vaulted heights above,
And God is surely there with all His love.

Above, so softly chanting, sings the choir;
Praise be to God; the sound comes from their lips,
In verse and song they magnify the Lord.
And now the shadows lengthen even more.

All sounds are mute; at once the view is dim,
Only the cross gleams in the candle's flame,
And now dusk falls with all its peace and calm,
And God lays over all His healing balm.

ELAINE WESTHEUSER
MARIE MELODIE MUNRO
Grade XII

The Service of Dedication



The great purpose which had united all our thoughts and feelings for the past year was about to be fulfilled. We had seen the blue-prints and observed construction. We had picked our way carefully over carpenters' tools and sections of interior mouldings. We had felt the beauty of this finely-built edifice. Would it be a holy place too? Would we be able to go on from where the architect, the mason and the carpenter had left off? The gifts of generous friends began to arrive: the reredos, the dossal curtain, communion table, communion rail, antependia, pews, organ screen and red carpet. Would He come?

The Dedication Service was held. The ministers knocked upon the door, calling upon the gates to admit the King of Glory. The architect presented the keys to the President of the Board of Directors who passed them to the Principal who laid them on the Table. The prayer for consecration was made, the lessons read. The Rev. A. B. B. Moore, President of Victoria University, went into the pulpit. He put into words these stages of feeling through which we had all come. He paused while we took our bearings. Then with a powerful lift of his arms he bore us, our friends, our chapel, up with him into the realms of the spirit. In most solemn mood, the people stood and led by the Rev. H. A. Mellow, President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, dedicated the House and declared it set apart from all profane and common uses. The offerings of thanksgiving were made and the benediction given.

At a meeting of all our friends in the Assembly Hall afterwards, we listened to the greetings brought to us by Dr. Carscallen, our Principal Emeritus, Dr. McKenzie of Albert College and Mrs. Sifton of Alma College. Our college had aimed high and in the moment of our endeavour, the experience was complete; we were rich in comrades.

November

November flew in on a broomstick as we belatedly celebrated Hallowe'en. Our festivities were not lacking in ghostly spirit though. Table decorations were almost original but judges finally awarded:

First Prize: Miss Watson's table with its substantial and well-padded ghost.

Second Prize: Mrs. Bird's table portraying an autumn scene.

Third Prize: To the houses at Mrs. Crocker's and Miss Hinterreiter's tables.

Costumes were very good this year. In fact we were honoured in having a football team and contestants amongst the entrants.

The next evening we had a most enjoyable concert presented by the Solway String quartet. That concert was one during which no one could possibly have been bored.

The S.C.M. Bazaar was most successful this year. Miss McDowell and her Committee, along with everyone's donation, made this year's bazaar most profitable. Money was sent to numerous needy causes.

The next week-end was a full one with "Country Parson", an English movie, shown on Friday night while on Saturday night, Miss Vance and Klemi Hambourg, accompanied by Dr. Osborne presented us with a most entertaining recital. We are all in debt to Miss Vance for the long hours of practice given to preparing this recital.

To end November, Mr. Lendi from the Swiss consulate showed us a coloured travellogue on Switzerland, his native land. He loved his country and as he spoke our sympathies expanded. We loved it too.

SYBIL GOULSTON

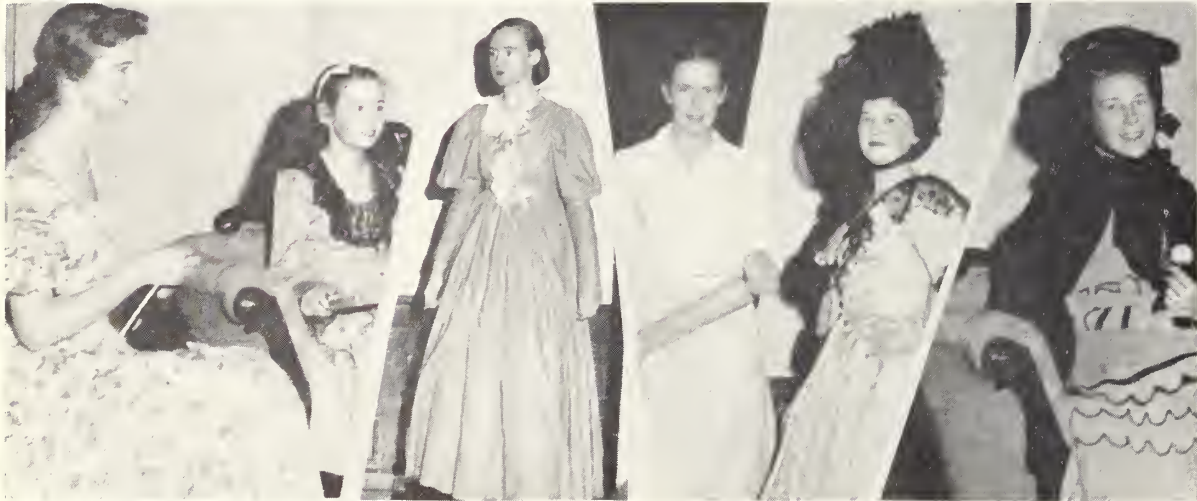


December

December hurried past the bard
As holiday's drew nigh;
With everyone kept working hard,
To get the last day by.

A play by us was given
It was a huge success;
It was the story "Little Women",
Portrayed with such finesse!

Georgina White was Marmee
With Mary Bryans Hannah
Gin Christian meek Aunt Car'll
And Sybil, Sally Moffat.



Meg and Amy

Marmee

Hannah and
Sally Moffat

Aunt Carroll



Meg and Beth

Aunt March and
Aunt Carroll

Amy & Jo

Pat Earle was tomboy Jo,
Marg Bird was mother Meg,
Pam Earle precocious Amy
Pat Linsell, patient Beth.

Aunt March was Sharon Long
Who nobly played her part
Her entrance caused a laugh
And gave "the girls" a start.

When we away had sped
Our own Miss March a bride became
She was to David Crocker wed
And to this town brought home.

SYBIL GOULSTON

Christmas Dinner



The evening of the Christmas Dinner arrived and as the girls, in lovely gowns, came down the Main Stairs, soft music drifted from the dining room where Mr. Hallett was seated at the piano.

After the Faculty and staff, guests and girls were seated, the candle-lighting procession, following the instructions of Miss Carter, proceeded with their duties of lighting of many candles. In this festive atmosphere, a few lovely old carols were sung, grace was said, then the traditional turkey dinner was served. Between courses, other carols were sung by the school.

This year an innovation was made in procedure by the enactment of the tableau on the stage of the Assembly Hall, instead of on Main Stairs. This enabled everyone to be seated while the procession of the three kings made its way to the manger.

The Art classes distinguished themselves by their excellent work on programmes and on their fine background for the tableau.

At the end of the evening, excitement ran high for this was the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

MARGARET BIRD.

Candle-bearers



Candle-lighters



Tableau



Junior Class

Pamela Allen, Ancaster

"On McMaster." The human alarm clock on Lower Fran hopes to go to "Mac" and then into Social Work.



Margaret Bird, Toronto

Marg. did a vast amount of work as Year-book Editor this year. We hope to see her back next year. Her favourite saying is: Have you seen my latest picture of Tony Perkins?"



Elizabeth Anvik, Tamiskaming

"Oh kids, what am I going to do? Liz is a tremendous asset to the class and we expect her with us again in the Fall.



Jane Borland, Marmora

"Buzz" is in the habit of pulling out her eyebrows while studying for exams. She is on the Junior Basketball team. She hates pumps with the toes out.

Jane Bastedo, Marathon

Jane was our worthy Grade Twelve President and did a wonderful job. Her pastime is thinking about the cold weather up North. Not much skiing to be done up there, eh Jane?

Marlene Burns, Bermuda

Marlene hates the water in the swimming pool but loves to relax in bubble baths. Her spare time is taken up in dancing, music and basketball. We all wish her the best of luck.

Joan Chadwick, Stouffville

"Chad", the nightingale of Lower Fran, gives her spare time in typing for "Vox Collegii" and filling her teapot. How are the Sunday visitors, Joan?





Virginia Christian, Sutton West

"Vodka" came to O.L.C. this year but she seems to look more in the direction of Montreal than any other city. Ginny will probably be seen on some university campus this Fall.



Dianne Gray, Ottawa

After the last bell on Thursday nights, you can usually find Dianne escorting Mrs. McNulty down the Hall. Dianne's ambition is to be a nurse. Probable destination: Scrubbing wards in a hospital.



Patricia Earle, Whitby

Patsy, Assistant Editor of the Yearbook, travels two blocks between O.L.C. and her home every day. A great participant in all sports, she is on the school basketball team.



Barbara Hall, Toronto

"Speedy's" love for O.L.C. brought her back to us after Christmas. Her ambition is to go into nursing. Our best wishes go with her.



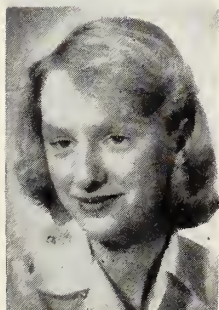
Mary Farr, Orillia

"Meggareggy" tops all in diets and in burning the candle at both ends during exam. time. Vice-President of the A.A., Mary is a great supporter of the Leafs—Dickie Duff??



Jane Lillico, Toronto

Secretary-Treasurer of the A.A. and also Photography Editor for the Yearbook. She hopes to take nursing at McMaster. Pet Peeve: Friends who live at great distances.



Diane Goodman, Whitby, Ontario

Diane is one of our Whitby day students. One of her assets is in Grade IX Piano. Pet Peeve: People who don't use large lettering on the board.



Lois Linstead, Niagara Falls

Lois spends her time trying to do the ballet steps which Sunny teaches her. We hope to see her back next year. Pet Peeve: Men under six feet tall.



Sharon Long, Toronto

Every Sunday afternoon, Sharon's driving keeps the hedges in trim. Sharon will probably end up teaching little kiddies how to set alarm clocks!



Susan Millard, Perth

Sue surprised us all when she chopped off her formal . . . and her hair. Her favourite pastime, whenever time permits is reclining in bed with a book.



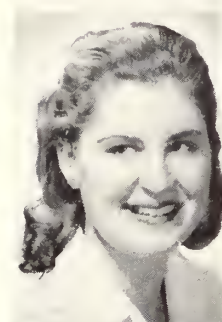
Ann MacDonald, Toronto

Although Ann claims to be a Scot, her pastime is not the bagpipes but the banjo-uke. Ann is our class light-weight; you should see her glide over those monkey-bars!



Melodie Munro, Toronto

Melodie's bed is usually covered either with her large collection of stuffed animals or with French notes. Melodie is not sure about next year, but good luck in whatever you choose, Mel. Pet Saying: "Oh Heather!"



Ann MacMillan, Florida

Andy's cheery face will very likely brighten the wards of some nursing hospital next year. She is an ardent 'rock and roll' fan.



Marjorie Noad, Thamesford

Midge, Treasurer of the Student Council, spent a great deal of time selling tickets for the "Hi-Fi Hop". She plans to go to Teacher's College in London this Fall.



Beverley McLennan, Toronto

Beverley was chosen Queen of the A.A. formal. She is usually heard running down the Hall calling Ginny or is seen making faces at someone.



Nikki Patterson, North Bay

Nikki, a good sport on the Hall and in the gym wants to take 'Therapy' at McGill this Fall. She has a bad habit of ending up in the infirmary after long week-ends . . . with flu?



Renata Pennacchiotti, Venezuela

Although it was her first year in playing basketball, Renie played a good game on Farewell House team. Good luck in your work next year, Renie.



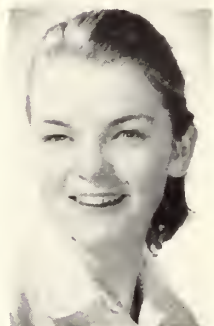
Barbara Talbot

Barb is our early riser and makes a point of being one of the first in line for breakfast. After each long week-end, Barb has a new hair-do (and a new male conquest?)



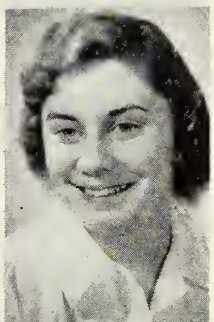
Mary Jane Read, Bobcaygeon

Mary Jane was sub-captain of Carter House and hopes to become a teacher. During the past year, she was Ruth Richardson's cell-mate on Lower Fran.



Alison Vallance, Bancroft

Sunny's skill in sketching and painting really made a hit at the formal. Her ambition is to become a "Pro" and she hopes to go to the Ontario College of Art this Fall.



Ruth Richardson, Toronto

Ruth is generally seen talking on the 'phone. She hopes to go to Teacher's College next year. Favourite Pastime: Eating onion sandwiches.



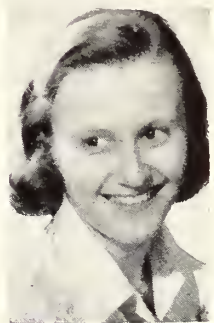
Carol West, Camp Borden

When a hearty laugh is heard sometime between ten and eleven o'clock at night, the whole Hall knows it to be Carol's. We hope to see her again this Fall.



Mary Jane Speers, Toronto

Mary Jane spends her extra moments turning down her Hi-Fi set. She is not sure about this Fall but we wish her luck in whatever she does.



Elaine Westheuser, Gore's Landing

As President of the A.A., it was a great job that you did on the formal and on organizing sports, Elaine. We hope that you will be with us this Fall—and bring your Australian stuffed creatures!

Heather Downing's Appointment

She came noisily into the house that Friday evening, not having been back since she left for morning school and not having had dinner. It was far into the night and she wondered what her father would say.

The grandfather clock ticking in the corner broke the frightening silence in the house. Shivering from the wet cold, she stood in the front hall. Seeing a light coming from the living room and finding her father apparently unmoved, she advanced to the shabby chair by the fireplace. Neither uttered a sound for a few moments but finally he asked where she had been all this time and muttered fiercely that it was a sin for a young girl to be out alone so far into the night.

Robert Downing was extremely old-fashioned and in a sense, cruel, in the way that he treated his daughter Heather. He was a tall, wiry man with thin purple lips, a long, straight nose and deeply-set, beady eyes which made the face look shifty. His clothes were well-worn and his shirt collars and cuffs were threadbare. He looked haggard, as though he had lived his term of life and was ready to die. Now, as he sat gazing coldly into her eyes, thoughts were running through his mind as well as hers. Heather was panic-stricken and at a loss for words. Mr. Downing was thinking: "She's such a lovely girl; lovely brown eyes, a well-shaped nose, a full red mouth, and a figure that anyone passing her on the street would take a second look at. But I hate her; she's too much like her mother and I hate her!" He told her to go to her room and he would see her in the morning.

Hanging up her clothes, her mind wandered over the strange, frightening happenings of the day, that was now behind her. School had been tiring that day, a boring recapitulation of the past week. Everyone had been going down to the soda square for a coke so she had gone along with them.

Sitting at the table with her boy-friend, Johnny, a light-headed sensation came over her and she heard a voice calling:

Heather, Heather, I almost have you now!"

Thinking that it must one of her friends, she had laughed it off and drunk on. But walking home with Johnny, the same fainting sensation had come over her again and she had felt herself reeling with an unknown black emptiness she had ceased to struggle against any longer. Then there had been nothing . . .

She awoke to find herself surrounded by pools of molten lava bubbling and gurgling about her. Her surroundings were cave-like and hoofs of animals, as well as humans, were scattered on the edges of these craters. To her frightened amazement, a man, dressed competely in bloody-red, appeared from nowhere.

"Oh, my dear Heather, I have you in my clutches at last. You are wondering, no doubt, who I am? Never fear, my sweet love, you shall learn all in due time."

He said this and concluded with wicked laughter. Then he disappeared as fantastically as he had come.

Making an attempt to follow him, she stumbled and fell, her leg slipping

into the boiling white mass of fire. Shrill screams of terror and tortuous pain pierced the air and as she watched, horrified at the sight of the skin gradually disintegrating and leaving a blood-curdling sight of bone and inner layers of raw and singed flesh, her terror grew. Even more harrowing was the fact that the skin which had melted off was now blending in with the "lava". One after the other, sickening thoughts flashed through her mind. No, it could not be melted flesh and bone. Yet the colours were the same . . . But no! Suppose other people had perished bodily! She screamed hysterically, calling frantically for her father. There was no response.

Hours passed and 'he' was suddenly there again. By this time, Heather was in such a worked-up frenzy that she pleaded with her whole heart that he would take her back to her father. From the way he was laughing, she thought that he was mad. Then he was speaking again: "You're scared, my dear, scared, scared, scared, scared . . . ha! ha! hahaaaaah! You must be punished for the wrong you have done. No living person can kill another as you have killed your mother, and live to tell about it!

At this last sentence, she all but fainted with shock.

"Kill my mother? Why, she died of cancer four years ago. That's impossible. I loved her dearly as did my father. You must be crazed."

Her words were in vain — he has gone.

She wished that Johnny were here now to protect her with his strong arms and to calm her battered nerves.

What seemed like an eternity, passed, and Heather was now fearful, beyond control. As well as the terrible heat, and hunger cramps gnawing at her stomach, her burnt flesh was paining her extremely. She could not move her leg. To her horror, she began imagining what this maniac was going to do with her; would he kill her, let her go free, punish her by throwing her into a pool of bubbling fire? She imagined herself being lowered into it; her feet, her ankles; then the unbearable pain of the scalding lava closing around her slowly deforming figure. These thoughts being too much for her, she fainted.

"Heather! Heather! Stop screaming! It's all right dear. You're with me."

Almost afraid to open her eyes, she saw that it was Johnny and with a cry of relief, found herself sobbing in his arms. Would she tell him what had happened? No, he might think that she was crazy. As they walked home, she realized that she had awakened at the spot where she had fallen and that it was dark.

Heather recollected that she had been preparing for bed. But thoughts were still racing through her mixed-up mind. Where would she tell her father she had been until so late to-night? Was all this just a dream or had it really happened? Her leg! That would tell her better than anyone else. But why was she afraid to look? It was certainly silly to think that there would be any marks. But then there was a fear in her mind. Trembling, she lifted her skirt, which she now noticed was ripped and torn along the hem, almost as if it had been burnt. Purple scars covered the skin from her feet up to the calf of her leg. She was stricken with the same feeling of panic. Suppose everything were true? And her mother? Had she really killed her mother?

SUSAN MILLARD
Grade XII.

Snowflakes

Falling, falling softly
Snowflakes tumble to the ground
While little chill-filled flowers
Are dead within the mound.

Falling, falling softly
Snowflakes fly around the sky
When the sun begins to shine
The snowflakes melt and die.

Falling, falling softly
Snowflakes hurtle round and round
All the birds of heaven
Have not made a sound.

SHARON LONG
Grade XII.

January

Once back from the holidays and down from our respective clouds, we found 'January was a comparatively quiet month. Of course, with examinations looming ominously ahead, we did not have much choice but to buckle down to serious business.

All things come to an end eventually and examinations are no exception, thank goodness. A free night rewarded all our hard work and all those who had participated in the examinations, namely Grades IX to XII, had a large variety of amusements open to them for that night.

On the twenty-fifth of the month was held the second Community Concert of the season. Performing were Joyce Sullivan and Carla Emerson.

It was a very enjoyable concert but in the minds of many, the next night overshadowed it. Of course, the return dance with Pickering is what I'm talking about. A good time was had by all concerned, n'est-ce pas?

February

February was a month with very little excitement. The Elementaries and Grade XIII had examinations while the rest of us became accustomed to second semester subjects.

During both February and March we had a number of most interesting speakers on Sunday evenings. They represented many different countries and were all in Canada studying at our universities. Countries represented were India, Japan, Lebanon, Germany and the Island of St. Vincent, one of the Windward Islands but hardly a country in itself.

All these people spoke of conditions in their homelands, increasing our knowledge and broadening our outlook.

At Home on the Halls

"From morn till night it's noisy
And even after ten"
That's what they say about
The girls on Upper Fran.

The girls up there all laugh and talk
And live together in a band
They're not as mean as you would think
Up there on Upper Fran.

I know because I love them all
And I also understand,
Because I too am one of those
Who room on Upper Fran.

BETTY WHITE
Grade XI.

One yell down the Hall
Means a telephone call
Or a trip to the office, I mean
All the girls on the Hall
Really do have a ball.
Each one has her good, each her bad
Which did we say — had?
Oh, she's all right but did you hear?
Oh well we won't think of it this year.
Each night at ten o'clock we hear
A Housemother's kind, "Good-night dear".
But good-night isn't sleep right now
A party's planned and party food? And how!
A Math. test coming this timely morning?
Of course, but shes in the infirmary, snoring.
If you think it's an excuse, it's perfectly true
If you had a Math .test, wouldn't you?
Better stop now before Nurse comes back
For I'm in the infirmary alas and alack!

CAROL WEST
Grade XII.



Nibblings . . .



First Angel: How did you get here?

Second Angel: Flu!

Karen: Did you know that Janet was kicked out of school?

Beth: No! What for?

Karen: She was caught counting her ribs during a Biology examination.

Vivien's young brother guided a friend into Vivien's bedroom and pointing to the dresser covered with bottles, remarked, "This is Vivien's Chemistry set."

Mrs. Hallpike drove her car up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty cents," cried the man at the gate.

"Sold", replied Mrs. Hallpike.

Miss McDowell, annoyed by a clock-watching class, covered the face of the clock with cardboard on which she lettered: "Time will pass, WILL YOU?"

After a long sermon, through which a good number of the congregation were half asleep, Rev. Smith announced: "Elder Jones will now lead in prayer". Now Elder Jones had been up late the previous night, and the long sermon left him half asleep. He murmured: "You lead. I just dealt."

Miss Sinclair: Anne, what is HNO_3 ?

Anne: I know . . . I can't say it, but its' on the tip of my tongue.

Miss Sinclair: Well, you'd better spit it out. It's Nitric acid.

Definitions:

Brain:

1. A small organ in a dark corner of the head which is supposed to come across when called upon.
2. A person who is unfortunate enough to get over 75% in her examinations; she is therefore a studious, subdued, book-wormish, untinteresting person with absolutely no personality, social graces or ability in any field other than school work.

ANNE MACMILLAN
and others.

March



On wings, soaring through the clouds, we welcomed March. Why? The O.L.C. "At Home", naturally. This was the A.A.'s main project for the year and everyone put everything into making the formal a huge success. The musicians gave us a pleasing variety. The gym., under Alison Vallance's supervision and Pat Atkinson's stretching was transformed into a "Rhapsody in Blue" Beverley McLennan was chosen "Queen of the Dance".

We were shown two exceedingly good English-type comedies on succeeding Saturday nights. The first was of an English Orphanage and the trials and tribulations of a young man working there. This movie was both touching and hilarious. The second was "The Lady Killers". As is usual in an Alec Guinness movie, there was plenty "to keep you in stitches", from the dear, sweet, old lady to her "soft-hearted" roomers.

The seniors were invited to a formal dinner at the Principal's residence and returned very contented and happy.

The first stained glass window was installed in the chapel toward the end of the month. It is the work of Miss Yvonne Williams of Toronto and her partner, Mr. Gustav Weismann and is most beautiful.

"Halloo your name to the reverberate hills . . ." Yes, Shakespeare was relived for us by members of the Speech Arts classes. Scenes presented were from "Twelfth Night", "Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It." Everyone performed splendidly.

Participating were Gael Ferguson, Anne Miller, Joan Chadwick, Barbara Talbot, Donna Davidson, Irene Pennacchiotti, Andrea Mazzoleni, Virginia Christian, Ruth Richardson, Ann Chenoweth and Wendy Greer while Mrs. McIntyre's daughter, Kathryn was the announcer.

Out went March—undecided as to whether to be the proverbial lion or lamb.

FOOTNOTE

Does anyone else think that we at O.L.C. deserve a commission from the Whitby Dunlops for our encouraging (?) support? When the Dunnies finally won the Allan Cup, no one could have been more excited than everyone here.

SYBIL GOULSTON.



Shakespeare Scenes



April

The Okticlos Concert was the first event of the month. By those not participating, a very enjoyable evening was spent! Those taking part, in spite of jitters, played very well.

We were all put to shame, however, though we enjoyed it immensely, by twelve-year-old Marie-Elizabeth Morgan from Welland who played two movements from a Mendelssohn concerto. Our own Ann Parmley ended the evening with two pieces from her own repertoire. In my opinion, she was the one person the twelve-year-old genius was not able to outshine!

The first confirmation to be held in the new chapel was held on the first Sunday in April. That same evening, the Albert College Choir sang at our chapel service. They were led by the Principal of the College, Rev. McKenzie.

Then holidays began? Not quite. To end this second part of the school year, Grades XII down to IX wrote a two-hour examination on Friday, April 12!

SYBIL GOULSTON.



FRONT ROW

Mary Wharton, Toronto

—Broadening hips.

Judy Sommerville

—Week-ends at school.

Elizabeth Gardner

—Too much homework.

Lola Hillman, Noranda

Lack of time to write letters to St. Mike's.

Kay, Young, Toronto

—Rings.

Donna Davidson, Thornbury

—Noise.

Carol McGowan, Nicaragua

—People who say she's growing up

MIDDLE ROW

Ann Chenoweth, Peterborough

—Having no time to read.

Jean Holt, Brantford

—Rules.

Betty White, Bermuda

—People who cut her hair.

Georgina White, Pickering

Writing notes after four.

Gael Ferguson, Copper Cliff

—No 'phone calls.

Ann Wellington, Colombia

—People who don't understand.

Evelyn Sunter, Seeley's Bay

—Hair that won't curl.

Andrea Mazzoleni, Toronto

—Not being able to write letters.

Carol-Ann Parker

—Getting to school, by 9 a.m.

Wendy Greer, Toronto

—Working.

BACK ROW

Patricia, McNab, Toronto

—The little girl who isn't there!

Sandra Smith, Toronto

Week-ends at school.

Gwendolyn Swan, Bermuda

—Too little time for Basketball.

Diana Meredith, Toronto

—Lack of sinks.

Margaret Allen, Cobourg

—No time for rye bread and salami.

Nancy Hughes, Long Island, U.S.A.

—Being prevented from looking after Kay.

Helen Macdonald, Latchford

—Diets.

Antoinette Porsild, Ottawa

—A certain six month transfer.

Sybil Goulston, Sarnia

—A full laundry bag.



FRONT ROW

Paula Crocker, Jamestown

—"I did not."

Margaret Boland, Noranda

—"Is that right?"

Irene Pennacchiotti, Venezuela

—"Stop shouting, Heathie!"

MIDDLE ROW

Elizabeth Lowes, Whitby

—"Don't you get the beat?"

Barbara Southern, Colombia

—"Oh, phooey!"

Heather Munro, Toronto

—"Let's get it over with, kids!"

BACK ROW

Mary Bryans, Trenton

—"Oh, is he ever a doll!"

Patricia Linsell, Venezuela

—"I'm going to Ottawa, (I hope)!"

Patricia McEwen, North Bay

—"Trouble at home??"



FRONT ROW

Sandra Greene, Ottawa
—"Sarcasm is the lowest form of
humour."

Anne Miller, Edmonton
—"Sort of . . . you know . . . what I
mean . . ."

Pamela Earle, Whitby
—"Oh nauseous!"

Wendy Wackid, Ottawa
—"I'm not jealous; I'm thankful!"

BACK ROW

Diane Abernethy, Toronto
—"Jealousy will get you nowhere."

Baiba Zelmenis, Scarborough
—"Oh fish!"

Lorna Cane, Belleville
—"Smarty-pants!"

Agnes Frohlinger, Hamilton
—"For Pete's sake!"

Karen Stover, Colombia
—"Oh, Mary-Jo!!!"

Judy Bittner, Toronto
—"Oh, baloney and fish-sticks!"

Mary-Jo Telford, Malton
—"Holy Baldheaded!"

Diana Pennacchiotti, Venezuela
—"You don't say!"

Jennifer Monro, Port Credit
—"Oh really!"

Mid-April

I think that it is a pity to waste glorious days in a classroom but unfortunately I did not have any say in the matter of rules and regulations so after Easter, it was back to classes again in spite of the warm sunny weather.

The Senior Dinner was held on April 26 and was most successful. The speeches left some watery-eyed, others amused and still others comfortably content. Each class put forth every effort to decorate its table handsomely. The whole effect was very lovely. The Junior Class had spared nothing to set off the Seniors' table. The fourteen little dolls, wearing white dresses and graduation caps and led by a gentleman in academic dress meant that this year's graduates were near the end of this phase of warning. The best wishes of us all go along with them.



The Dean's Speech

The highlight of the evening was, of course, the Dean's speech. It was a great event as you may see in the pages that follow.

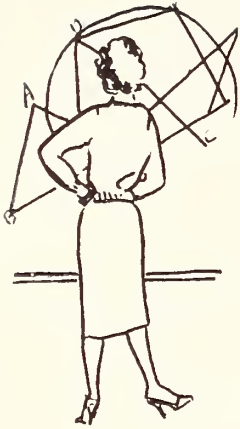
Meantime, the end of my diary is in sight and I must turn from the laughter and say a sad farewell on behalf of us all. It is hard to believe but it is apparently a fact that Miss Carter is going to retire. We are the last girls to have the privilege of her wonderful leadership.

Margaret has written of our custom of honouring, on May Day, the girl who represents the highest example of young womanhood in the school. On Class Day, we also honour good House spirit and bestow ribbons on Miss Carter, Miss Farewell, Miss Hare and Miss Maxwell.

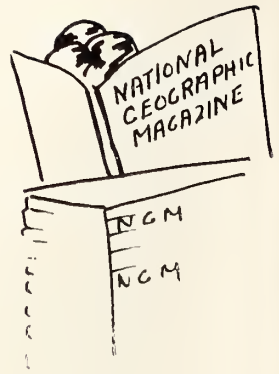
This year, why not a ribbon for fine school spirit? There is a golden one strung across Main Stairs. It carries our school motto.

For the TRUTH of what she has said to us; for the VIRTUE of the standard of conduct she has set us; for the LOVELINESS of her presence among us, there is surely no rival to this Miss Carter, our beloved Dean. Race you, Carter House, to Main Hall to fetch the ribbon for her!

SYBIL GOULSTON
Social Editor.



Excuses



"Will you come into my office,"
Said Dr. Osborne to the girl,
"Mrs. Crocker tells me that your Maths
Would make even my hair curl."
"But sir, my mother never could do Maths
And my father was the same,
So what can you expect of me?
Why should I get the blame?"

"May I see you in your office
Please, Miss Carter, after nine?
My mother wants me home this week;
It's her idea, not mine.
Well, yes, my boy friend does have tickets
For a dance on Friday night,
But the dentist really needs me,
My mother's writing you to-night."

"My dear, I thought that I should see
Your essay on my desk;
It really is quite overdue,
Is it not quite finished yet?"
"Oh, Mrs. Furlong, I'm so sorry,
For on the subject you have set,
I've really worked just hours and hours
But I've written nothing yet."

"Come and see me after school,
Your History notes, where are they?
I'll help you, if you'll come to me;
They must be done by Friday."
"Oh, Miss McDowell, I did them all,
But I cannot find them now,
But I did the topics—wrote them out,
I left them just right here."

"Did you write out the experiment
We did in class last week?
When we took a little fly apart
And for each organ we did seek?"
"Oh, yes, Miss Sinclair, I wrote the notes
But I couldn't draw it all,
You see, I let its Eustachian tube
Under the table fall."





Parlez-vous

"Parlez francais, s'il vous plait,
Repetez ce que vous dites.
Vos verbes ne sont pas encore fait?
Pourquoi? Expliquez vite."
"Oh, Miss Watson, je ne sai pourquoi,
I wrote them out last night;
I learned them and I knew them too,
I'll say them, if you'll wait."

"I have not seen your Art work yet.
Es ist noch nicht fertig? No?"
"No, my pencil needed sharpening,
And they woudn't let me go."

"Oh, there's the bell; please let me go;
I have so far to run!
And if I'm late into the Pool,
It isn't any fun.
No use to say, 'I fell downstairs'
Or 'Miss Carter kept me late;'
Mrs. Hallpike looks and then just says,
'Sit down, just sit and wait.'"

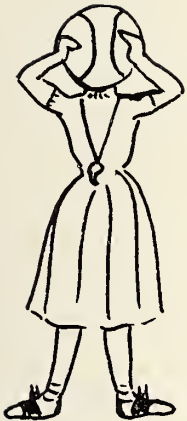
"My studio's on the topmcest floor,
The practice rooms are near;
I did not hear you practising,
What happened you my dear?"
I lst my music, dear Miss Vance,
I turned things upside down;
I'm sorry I cannot stay right now,
This is my day for town."

"My goodness gracious, look at this!
The seam has all gone crooked."
"I know, the machine's not working right
I'll press it, no one will notice."

"Here are some sums upon the board,
Please copy all you see."
"Oh, Mrs. Ford, I feel so sick;
May I go and watch T.V.-"

"The Bank was open yesterday,
Why came you not at noon?"
"I lost my card — the door was shut —
I guess I came too soon."

"Don't you want a railway ticket?
You didn't sign your name."
"Oh, I never saw the notice board,
May I get one, just the same?"



a b c d

WE
LOOK
AND
SEE

DRAWINGS BY
A. VALLANCE

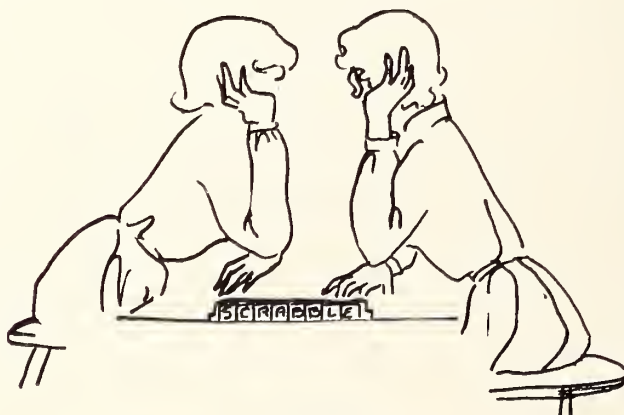


"Oh, thank you, Nurse, I'll come on Monday,
I don't want to go to bed.
To-day is Friday, and to-morrow
I must go to Oshawa instead."

Said Mrs. Bradley, "Who has left
Her laundry clean downstairs?
"I did, oh, yes, but they're not mine,
I only have two pairs."

"Your room is most untidy,"
The Housemothers have said,
"Please tidy it before you leave,
Theres' dust beneath your bed."
"Oh, yes, we had a mouse last night,
It must have put it there;
But I cleaned it all last Saturday,
My room-mate must do her share."

Theres' nothing new beneath the sun,
The same excuses ever.
You cannot find an original one
Even though you may be clever.



The Local Newspaper

The imposing, heavy, black letters of the headlines jumped out at me as I threw a glance in the direction of the news-stand. I stopped humming the little tune that had been running through my brain all day, looked more serious and walked toward the sound of "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"

After I had narrowly escaped death boarding the subway car, I pushed skillfully through the crowd to a corner and standing on one foot (not my own), I began to read the news. It certainly was pretty serious. I read on thoughtfully, turned to page two, third column half-way down, then to page six five columns over at the top, then to the second section, third last page in the corner which finally concluded the article except for the pictures on page one and thirty-four. I then reviewed the facts to get them fixed clearly in my mind:

The green car with the blue top obeyed the stop sign at the intersection. The driver looked carefully up and down and started across the road. Suddenly a yellow and orange truck came at full speed down the hill. The green and blue car swerved wildly to avoid it and the truck missed the car by a hair's breadth. That would not have been too bad; perhaps it would have given the respective drivers a good scare if nothing else. But — the truck, unable to stop, went half-way up a telephone pole and stuck. Meanwhile, the unfortunate car, on swerving, smashed with a sickening sound which resounded for miles around, into a jet black Cadillac which was standing peacefully to one side of Mudway Avenue. The driver of the jet black Cadillac and his wife were talking through the window to five friends. Aside from the damage done, which was estimated by experts to be four million, five hundred and sixty-two dollars and ninety-eight cents, there was the loss of life which, of course, was the real tragedy. The uncontrolled pink and blue truck had . . . Wait a minute! The truck was yellow and orange . . . well, the truck, regardless of colour, had, before going half-way up the telephone pole to stick, killed instantly a boy about six or sixteen, a girl about four or fourteen, two dogs and a cat. The car killed almost instantly the man and wife, and the two friends. The driver of the car died instantly in hospital after being on the critical list for six and one-half minutes. Now all this happened at eleven-thirty-one a.m. The names of the man and wife, the six friends, the boy and girl, and the car driver could not be obtained. But the dog's names were Tudorbelle and Ignatius, owned by so-and-so on such-and-such a street and so-and-so on the same street five houses down. In addition, the cat's name and address, which certainly could not be overlooked, were stated. Oh yes, and the car had skidded sixteen feet, six and one quarter inches before being stopped by the jet black Cadillac. But what about the truck driver? There was no mention. Perhaps there had been no driver . . .? Could it be that . . . but here was my stop . . .

As the bus jogged along, I was still musing. Hah! Remember the time my own name was in the paper? That was when I was Vice-President of the "Old Boys' Club". That reporter! I could have choked him! He had actually had the nerve to put my first name last and spelled it backwards at that!

As I stared out of the window at nothing, I forgot momentarily the whole affair. Wonder what the wife had waiting for dinner? I moved over to make room for an elderly gentleman. I could not help glancing at his paper. But the headlines were completely different! Trying not to be obvious, I searched the front page but there was no sign of the accident. All I could see were items of great importance which had not even been mentioned in my paper. Was that not always the way with newspapers?

I hopped off the bus and walked back the five stops I had missed, whistling the little tune that had been running through my head all day.

ANN MACDONALD, Grade XII.

Art at O.L.C.

The time is nine forty-two. As a bell rings, a student, books under arm, dashes madly around the main stairs. She rushes blindly on and suddenly — she is confronted by green eyes, a huge red nose and terrible, black and orange, bushy hair. She looks wildly around only to set eyes upon more of the same, with variation in size and colour, of course. Regaining a partial sanity, she realizes that it is only the masks made by the Art pupils which have been put out for display (the masks, that is).

But time is flying. As she again gains speed in th classroom corridor, another ringing sound is heard. Ah well, she has badly misjudged her timing this day. Now that the second bell has gone, and she is late anyway, she may as well take a few minutes break. She retraces her steps and approaches the fateful corner. This time she will not be taken by surprise. She walks boldly by the display board without as much as a glance in its direction. She has safely passed it and has gone at least three feet when she finds that she cannot resist looking over her shoulder. But—what is this? Where are the hideous faces? She whirls around and stands, staring. There, in all its glory, is a huge watercolour painting. It depicts a long, flowing container, holding beautifully arranged tiny, blue flowers.

ANN MACDONALD

Grade XII.





Basketball

Senior



Bev made a long and beautiful pass,
And Donnie a furious dash
To try and fetch
And even catch
The ball on to which she did latch.
She dribbled right to Dianne Grey
Who was watching the ball, come
She secured the ball what may.
Without a fall
And threw it across the room to Pat A.
Now Pat A., as we all do know
Is quite a basketball player, and so
We will give her special credit here
Because without her I do fear
Our Seniors could have come so near
To being in great woe.
Pat of course, stood on her toe
And dropped the ball right through the
The excitement was great! hole.
It must have been late . . .
For O.L.C. to get that goal.

O.L.C. was leading by one . . .
Barb got the ball, a deed well done,
And passed it to "Chad",
Which made Whitby mad,
'Cause they wanted to be in on the fun.
Vivien did a good job of guarding;
And Nikki, who was always darting
Here and there
A pretty fair
Pass did make to our forward Marlene!
Marlene made a whizzing pass
Right to Elaine who is always fast
And she made a throw
Which was missed and so
Jane made a gain by coming up fast.
Opponents were charging over the floor
Whilst all their supporters were hollering
But with a second to play for more
Mary saved the day
By stopping the opponents from getting a
Was hoorah! hoorah! hoorah! score.

SCORES

SENIOR

O.L.C. and Whitby	—	29-20
O.L.C. and Lindsay	—	47-18
O.L.C. and Pickering	—	45-15
O.L.C. and O.C.U.I.	—	26-19
O.L.C. and Pickering	—	45-11
GRADE IX and Ajax	—	15- 8
O.L.C. and Whitby	—	26-25

JUNIOR

O.L.C. and Whitby	—	22-21
O.L.C. and Ajax	—	38-12
O.L.C. and Pickering	—	23-11
O.L.C. and O.C.U.I.	—	18-11
O.L.C. and Pickering	—	27- 6
O.L.C. and Ajax	—	38- 7
O.L.C. and Whitby	—	20-17



Heather, like a feather, flew down the floor
 And dribbled to Sybil who passed to keen Jean.
 The enemy intercepted but Gail did not fail
 To throw into our zone
 And Mary — alone — did not tarry.
 Sandy made a dandy pass, to Pat McEwen
 Who the best was doin'
 But horrors, the ball was in enemy hands again
 which made the score twenty: twenty-one for them.
 The peril was great but a Carol was blocking,
 Got the ball and tossed it to Mary Bryans
 Who was just dyin'
 To roll it to sane Jane.
 Patsy Earle whirled around and
 Bounced the ball to Kay, who saved the day
 By getting a basket
 Making the score twenty-two: twenty-one for us. Hooray!

TO BOTH TEAMS:

You are the undefeated teams, an honour which has not been won for many years. Congratulations and happy holidays to you all. A great many thanks to Mrs. Hallpike for her tireless efforts in training both teams. Best of luck to you too, Mrs. Hallpike.

WENDY GREER, Sports Editor

P.T.

There goes the bell for gym at last,
Here comes the noisy Grade XII class.
"No time to waste have we," they say.
They push, they shove; get out of their way.
With ties flung off, and shoes undone:
Look, there goes Ann without her bun.
And Bev stoops low to lift her book
Which Gin upon the floor has put.
What happened to Di? Her zipper's undone,
And here comes Viv: she looks quite stunned.
Appear two girls so very late,
They say they had a History date.
Two minutes . . . Silence reigns the hall,
The gym shirt washed is just too small.
And then a mad rush, and then a mad scramble
And down the long stairs they begin to ramble.
Rush into the gym, fool around for the time
And then Mrs. Hallpike gives out a loud sign
From her whistle: "Run, girls, into your squads
Or you'll run round the room like a pack of dogs."
Thus from classroom to gym in three minutes flat,
Now tell me, who can do better than that?
Grade Twelve has real girls, not one fool:
We think that they are the best in the school.

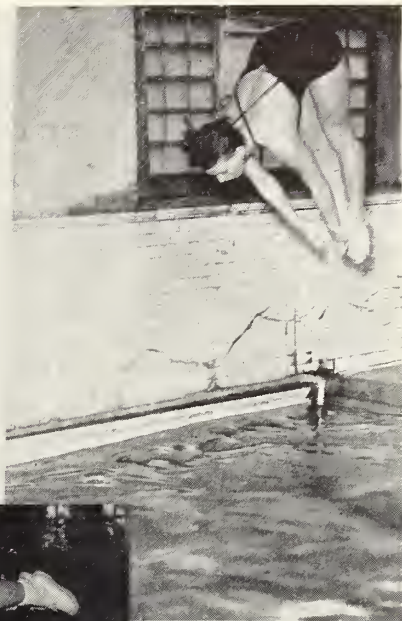
MELODIE MUNRO, ELAINE WESTHEUSER

A Dieter's Lament

My friends persuaded me to diet,
So meekly, I agreed to try it.
They said I took too much that's sweet,
And should cut down on what I eat.
And so I've tightened up my belt
And bravely fought the pangs I've felt,
And when my stomach cries for bread,
I chew some cabbage leaves instead;
And picking at an old beef bone,
I kill the harsh despairing groan.
Once I was strong and gay and free,
But now, I'm changed as changed can be.
My head is bowed; my eyes have sunk,
My sweet smile's gone, I'm in the dumps.
Now, anxious folks will look at me
And whisper, "Ah, poor soul, T.B.!"
My clothes all fit me like a bag,
I have the spunk of a wet dish-rag.
I bid you all a sad good-bye,
For my pounds are going and so am I.

PAMELLA ALLEN, Grade XII.

SPORTS CAPTAINS





FRONT ROW

Diane Lazarus, Honduras.
—"Wowie! Wowie!"

Judith Cox, Welland.
—"Jumping kangaroos!"

Judith Arnup
—"I want to get to bed."

BACK ROW

Catherine Wherry, Oshawa.
—"You're just a pickle-puss."

Pamela Perry, Oshawa.
—"Dearie me, what can I do?"

Linda Kajola, Thornhill.
—"I'm simply famished."

Nora Fleming, Whitby.
—"Are you sure?"



SEATED

Janet Coventry, Toronto.
—"That makes me so mad!"

Elizabeth Newman, Pickering.
—"You old fuddy-duddy."

STANDING

Linda Lazarus, Honduras.
—"You're as nutty as a fruit cake!"
Elayne Barlow, Toronto.
—"I have a ton of food in my room."
Peggy Wilson, Brantford.
—"Has anybody seen Turnip?"

Sheilah Barber, Toronto.
—"Ah, I'm awfully sorry."
Helen Maakmeester, Colombia.
—"Holy smokes!"
Margaret Edwards, Nicaragua.
—"I just adore grape-fruit."

Diane Robins, Welland.
—"See my divine picture of Elvis?"



FRONT ROW

Elizabeth McLeod, Oshawa.

—"Silly, Billy!"

Susan Read, Whitby.

—"Jumping daisies!"

Barclay-Jane Grey, Pickering.

—"Goodie gumdrops!"

Ann Carley, Whitby.

—"Are you going swimming?"

BACK ROW

Ronalda Haakmeester, Colombia.

—"Will you stop it, Helen?"

Victoria Grosart, Pickering.

—"Golly! Golly!"

Ann McKinnon, Toronto

—"Would you like a cookie?"

Geraldine Grosart, Pickering.

—"Gee whiz! Gee whiz!"

Rhonda Bevan, Venezuela.

—"Oh, Oh! I didn't tidy my room!"

Aladdin Aids A Poor Family With His Lamp

Mr. Zapatero sat meekly in a corner watching the spiders weave their webs in the empty cupboard while his wife angrily swept the dirt floor of the humble shack which they called home. Occasionally, a few children got in the way but that did not bother her because they were just swept along with the debris. Suddenly Mrs. Zapatero whirled fiercely around upon her little husband saying:

"Always you sit there with a look of vacancy in your face. Why don't you try a little and then maybe the shirt factory would give you a better position? Instead of making button holes, you might could make a shirt maybe, eh?"

The little man decided that there were six spiders in the cupboard now instead of the four that were there this morning. But what was his wife jabbering about?

"Yes, my little pigeon," he said, yawning a little, "maybe so."

Suddenly six children came rushing into the house. School was over early and they all wanted some money to go to the circus. All the other children were going and they thought that perhaps a few centavos could be spared for a little pleasure.

"No," snapped their mother, "you know that your papa barely earns enough money so that we can stay alive."

Meanwhile, at the circus in a little tent, a clown called Aladdin was taking off his make-up, big nose and floppy ears. He had finished work now until the six o'clock performance that night. When he was ready, he decided to take a stroll through the town which was one he had never before visited. As he walked along, he came upon a group of children sitting in a huddle near the street. When he came closer, he heard them talking sadly to one another:

"Oh, I wish we had just a little more money so that we could do more things," wailed a little girl.

"It's not Papa's fault," said a tall, thin boy, "if Mamma wouldn't pick on him, he would work better for us, I know."

Suddenly one of the little girls burst out crying. This was all that Aladdin needed so he went up to them. He looked at the little child and made such a funny face that she instantly dried her tears and let a smile appear.

"Well now, what seems to be the trouble here?" asked Aladdin. "why all the sad faces when there's a circus in town?"

"That's why," said the little girl. "We can't go 'cause we haven't any money."

"Why, you don't need money to see this circus", said Aladdin, "just come with me and I'll show you."

He led the children to his tent and they all trooped inside. Aladdin went to an old circus trunk and pulled out a beautiful lamp which was polished to a high sheen. He gave it a few brisk rubs and instantly, out popped a huge, black man whom Aladdin addressed as "Genie".

"What does my master command?" asked the genie.

"Take us to the circus immediately, Genie, and don't spare the gas."

At once they were all at the circus watching the elephants, clowns and dancing horses whirl by. Once they were there the children forgot about the

incident in the tent and did not remember it again until after the circus was over and Aladdin had walked them home.

They were relating the whole story to Mamma while Papa sat by.

"You stupid children," said Mrs. Zapatero. "don't let your imaginations get the better of you."

For the rest of the day, the children kept their secret to themselves.

But the following day, they could hardly wait for dawn to come so that they could see Aladdin again for they had come to think of him as a dear friend.

The next day, Aladdin seemed very pleased to see them and since it was a holiday, asked them what their plans were.

"We'd love to go to the circus again," said Gina, "but I wish Mamma and Papa had enough money to take us themselves."

"That's a very good idea," said Aladdin, "we'll have to see what we can do about that."

He proceeded to take out the beautiful lamp and went through the same ritual as before until the genie appeared.

"What does my master command this time?" asked the genie.

"Give the Zapateros a happy and beautiful home with all the trimmings," said Aladdin.

Of course, the genie knew that by trimmings Aladdin meant that Mr. Zapatero must have a good job with plenty of money and that the children must be able to do things with their parents, a pleasure they had never had before. That afternoon the whole Zapatero family were at the circus. Mr. Zapatero was smiling proudly and even Mrs. Zapatero had a pleased look on her face. The children were all nicely dressed and looked as if they had had a decent meal for a change.

Mr. Zapatero went over to Aladdin and taking him by the hand, said:

"My children say that I owe my good fortune to you and your friend, the genie. Now I design the shirts for the shirt factory and I have a beautiful new home because of my increase in salary. You are a very kind man!"

Aladdin smiled and went back to his tent. It was time to pack up his belongings and move to another place for the circus was over. He would not forget his trusty lamp because in the next town, there would probably be somebody else whom he would have to help. That was the way his life went but it never failed to be a very happy one for Aladdin, the genie and the lamp.

ANN MACMILLAN.

How Progressive Our Civilization Is

Long shadows stretched across the hidden clearing. The tall pines stood in stately splendour dominating the lesser berry shrubs and ferns. Occasionally the sun peeped through the majestic branches of the evergreens, playing a sparkling light on a clump of violets boldly confronting the world with their beauty. Here and there, where no sunlight penetrated, the unmistakable blossom of the Indian Pipe had shoved its way through the thick, damp moss. A spring, bubbling up from nowhere, trickled across the mossy floor and down into a gulley where it formed a pool and slowly seeped back into the depths of the earth. A deer crept down to the pool. He turned his antlered head proudly to investigate the soft song of a whip-poor-will. Cautiously he stooped and drank the quiet waters.

Everything was damp and cool. The lush moss soaked in the very last drop of water as if it were a sponge. Water was plentiful; thus everything flourished and yielded fruit. There was no sign of erosion here. The intricate root-ways of the abundant vegetation held the rich black loam steadfastly in its place.

Everything was so still, so breathtakingly quiet. Now and then this peaceful silence was broken by the low piercing call of a lonely bird. Beasts crept softly on padded feet in among the shadows. Somewhere, very far away, a wolf was courting his mate. His howl grew louder and louder, then ebbed away slowly until only by straining the ear could you hear those last, long notes.

How lovely it looked so long ago . . . A place of plenty and of richness displayed in its most glorious aspect . . .

Ah. . . how time can change!

.

The rain drizzled down muddy streets, littered with papers and gum and cigarette butts. Water trickled down the dirty avenues and disappeared down silt-choked sewers—that is, where there were no sewers. Otherwise the water gathered in huge deep puddles. When the sun came out, this would soon be gone, leaving the street sweltering, baked and dry. There was no happy medium, for pavement could not soak in water as the rich loam could.

Not a speck of green anywhere. Just the endless rows of gray, dull buildings, the massive heights of which threatened the sky with their ugliness.

Dogs roamed in hidden alley-ways, turning up neglected garbage cans and devouring their contents. Still this was not enough to satisfy their gnawing hunger. Their stomachs cried bitterly for more nourishment. Everyday their mournful howls expressed their want, only to be drowned out by the noise of the heavy traffic. Day by day, their cries turned to whimpers, their whimpers to whines until their strength ceased in their weary bodies altogether . . . Another day would pass . . . another dog be found, dead in the gutter. Only then was his unfortunate condition noticed, but with disgust, rather than with pity. With turned heads, the public avoided the reeking dog, until finally the poor thing was taken away and tossed ruthlessly into a smouldering garbage dump.

Then life went on as before . . . Wheels splashed through the puddles, tires screeched, horns honked, people screamed. The continued noise and bustle was nerve-racking to all.

People hurried about frantically, hidden under umbrellas or huddled in their coats. Their faces looked tired; they slumped about as though only the last ounce of will-power kept them going. What a miserable, wretched crowd they were! Soaked to the skin. Half-starved and half-worried to death.

A drunkard wavered about on the sidewalk, then tottered clumsily out into the road. A screech of brakes . . . but too late. Passers-by stopped, looked listlessly at the bloody body and went on . . . Another man gone . . . another family weakened. Or did this old man have a family? Perhaps he was like the many thousands of unhappy people who have no one, and who have nothing to do but turn to the bottle . . . He is dead now; may the good Lord have pity upon him.

How progressive. How marvellous is to-day's civilization!

ANNE MILLER
Grade IX.

Senior Class Prophecy

MAY 1980

This is Station ICU2 from Moscow, reporting the news, edited for women, to Radio Free O.L.C.

First, a re-cap. on the Sports news. We hear that Miss Pat Atkinson achieved her greatest ambition last year when, as Assistant to the Assistant Assistant Assistant Coach, she helped the "Dunnies" to win fame in the Olympics. Her training at McGill, shellacing hockey sticks and crocheting hockey nets certainly paid off.

Her old room-mate, Miss Roxanna Phelps has recently developed a do-it-yourself pill and she attributes its great success to her knowledge of the Faber-Phelps process that she helped to discover in her Grade XIII Chemistry at O.L.C. We would also note that she is still single, but working hard (April Fools, Rox).

From down in the sunny South comes a human interest story. Miss Janet Faber, (of the Faber-Phelps industries) who gave up great possibilities in a career in Chemistry to take Home Economics, is now busy teaching the natives how to cook Brazilian "nuts" so as to retain the complete vitamin value.

And now a look at the world of fashion. Miss Donalda Parkes made her debut as a model by appearing on the cover of this month's issue of "Girl from Outer Space". Since then she has secured a role in a new XYZ movie production "The Life and Loves of Nurse Dan."

Miss Pat Davis, we have heard, has become Head Grease-monkey at her father's garage at Aurora. We also understand that she services cars free for any boys from a school in the surrounding district. In her spare time, she has invented plastic teeth, set on a rubber base, which will fit into any size mouth. Apparently Miss Marilyn Prescott has developed and is now manufacturing an exotic perfume which she calls "Puffy Poof". She tells us that the odour will linger on for years. (We think that's a 'Fibb'). An ingredient of this perfume is phormaldihide which she drained from a pigeon while at O.L.C.

From Lower Slobovia, we hear that Miss Henrietta Ann Parmley has been awarded the gold Hammer and Sickle for teaching Russian Polkas in the "Mannuel" Labour Camps. She is known in the underworld as "Flying Fanny" and she and her male accomplice have disclosed plans to drop a bomb on a local girls' school

Any morning at 4 a.m. on your friendly communist station you can hear Miss Hill Billy Wevill with her latest on the western hit parade. On top this week is Miss Wevill's hit tune "Meet me in the mines dear, we'll dig together always".

And now a word from our sponsor:

"For greater relief from your stomach troubles, try Clare's Kidney Clutchers". Guaranteed to remove your kidneys in ten days or your money cheerfully refunded. This exclusive new formula was developed by our Angel of Mercy, Miss Evelyn Clare, who, in her period of training also discovered the now famous non-stick bandages.

In Africa, we hear that Miss Helen Ferguson has introduced the Ferguson telephone system which was recently greatly improved by the introduction of the wireless switchboard. Latest reports have her up a pole. She was always a long-distance operator.

Helen seems to have made contact with her former room-mate, Miss Jane

Carruthers Bongo-Bongo, who recently hit the Society Column when she married the cannibal king of Istanbul. We expect that she will now retire from her former position as Head Dope Peddler for Carruther's pharmacy.

We have just received a late news bulletin from the newspaper room of Shush Shush. "Bo Bo" Bowman has done it again. The persistent smile has just won her another husband. I believe this is the fourth and this time she is honeymooning on Mars. The couple leave to-morrow on the private jet of King Ral But.

Closer to home, we hear that Miss Karen Munro's former position as Head Girl has been instrumental in securing her a job as Head Chef in the palace in Monaco. We are glad to see that she finally made the international 'good-will' team, and we sincerely hope that she will settle down and not jump the "Ridge."

Last and not least, we learn that Miss Beth Yearley has acquired a position in Charlie's Laundry, ironing Nurses' caps. (She keeps "BAKKJJ" empty). In her spare time, she scrubs floors at a local hospital but soon hopes to be transferred to Whitby. We also hear that she has written a book entitled "Universities I Should Like to Attend".

Karen Says Goodbye



Graduation is a time of farewells. We, of this class, as no doubt those in years past, have been looking forward to this occasion with mixed feelings for the simple question is—how do you say good-bye? How do you say good-bye to the spirit of enchantment of Trafalgar, which you cannot capture? How do you say good-bye to a morning in June, to the apple blossoms in Spring, to the lilacs and the tulips, to the dead leaves blowing around the door, to the sunlight on the white snow of a winter morning, to the candle-light of a Christmas dinner, to a May day?

It is one thing to come to O.L.C. as a small girl—curious, scared,, homesick. But how do you say good-bye to the tears and the laughter, to the steam crackling in your radiator as you lie in your bed with your hopes and

your dreams, and you hear the train whistle of Old Faithful echoing through the night?

We must say, too, of course, a few words to Dr. and Mrs. Osborne, to Miss Carter, to the teachers, to the housemothers: but how do you say good-bye to loving kindness; to that part of themselves that they have given us and which we now possess; to tolerance and understanding? For to-day you see the outward and visible signs only and not the spiritual grace so liberally bestowed. Just how do you say good-bye to Carter House, to Farewell, to Maxwell, and to Hare?

I believe I like Trafelgar best when the western sun reflects, in every window pane, a flame. It is no secret: I love this place and I have no apologies if I sound overly-sentimental. Good-bye . . . Good-bye . . .

KAREN MUNRO (Head Girl)

Ontario Ladies' College — 1949-57.

Into the Northland

We leave the realm of human life,
And turn from signs of want and strife;
We round the bend, and out of sight
Slips all the town, as into night.

Up rise the cliffs, crowned with the pines
Which top the scene, as do the lines
Of boulders 'long the shores of lakes,
Like giant, rocky, shapeless cakes.

Rock walls fall 'way on either side,
And now, in our small crafts, we glide
Through lily pads, and shiny lake,
Past sunny shores, where sand does bake.

Now suddenly comes into view,
Some sprawling hills, with garb so new,
That plants all have an emerald hue
Reflected in the lake so blue.

If I could stay out here forever,
I would not care for winds and weather:
In Spring to see the buds unfurled
And watch the beauty of God's world.

MARY-JO TELFORD
GRADE IX.

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

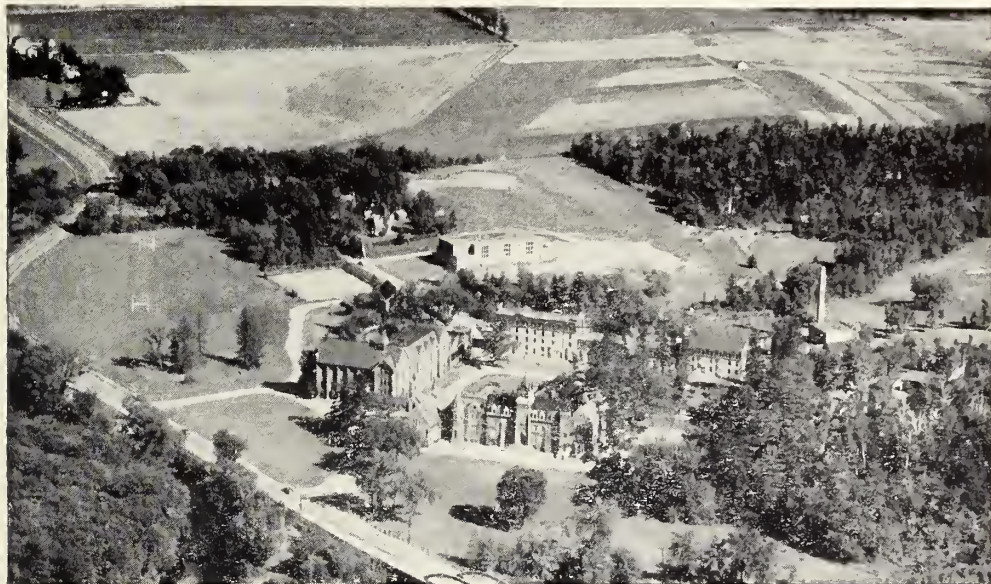
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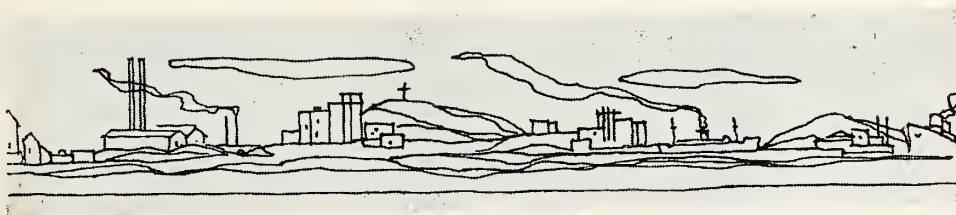
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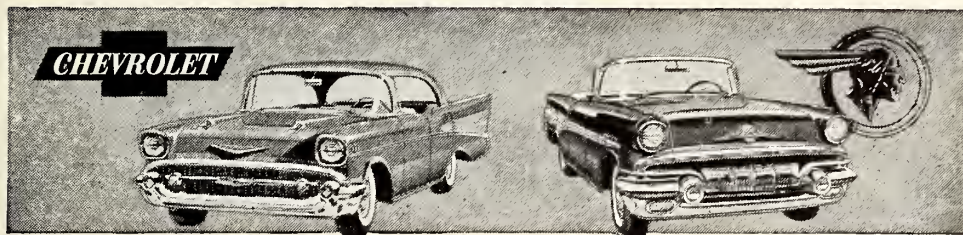
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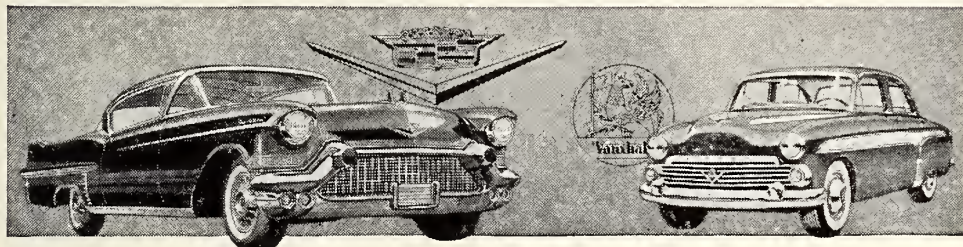
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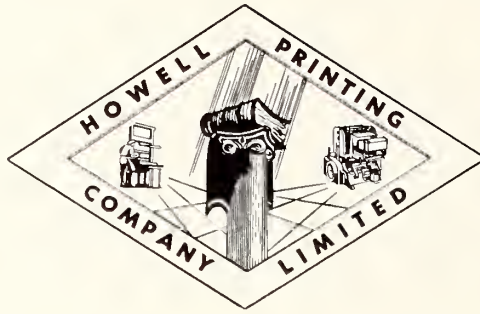
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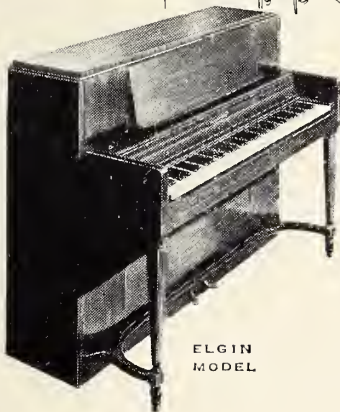
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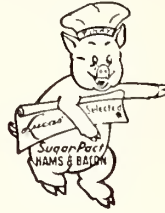
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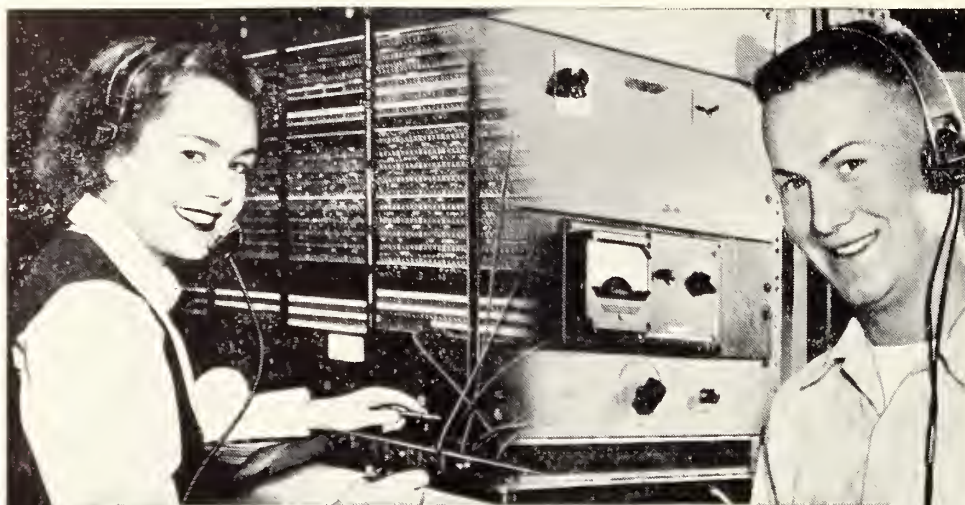
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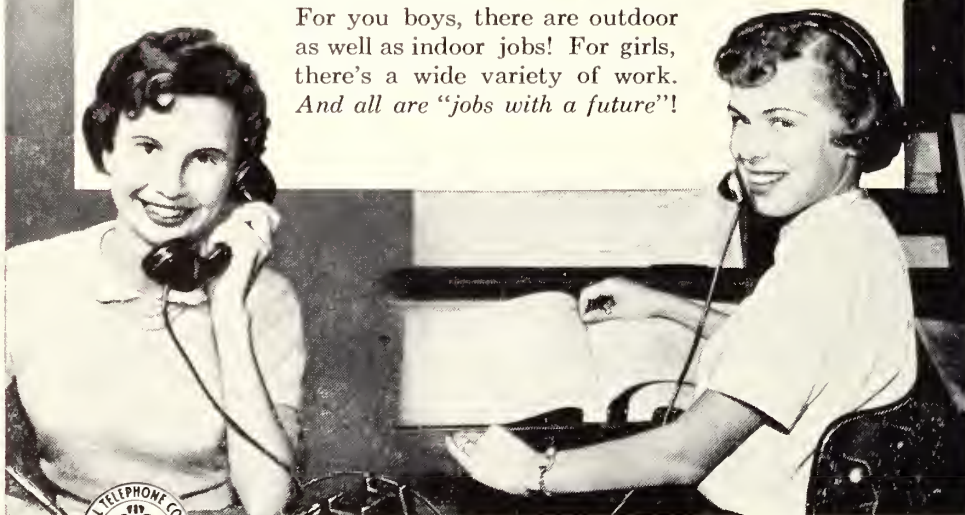


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